

**BIG  
SHOT**

**No. 44**

**MARCH**

**10c**

# BIG SHOT



**SPARKY WATTS, THE SKYMAN, DIXIE DUGAN,  
JOE PALOOKA, THE FACE and many other favorites!**



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# 10 POWER TELESCOPE

Here's The Only FULL 10 POWER Telescope At This Price In America Today

It's Precision Built! Makes Far Away Objects Stand Out Clear—Sharp—BIG AS LIFE!

Here's the only full 10 POWER Telescope being offered in America today at the unheard-of low price of only \$1.49. Easily the most outstanding telescope value you'll find anywhere. You'd expect to pay up to \$10.00 and more for such power. And anyone who knows telescopes will tell you a good 10 Power telescope is worth all of that. But now, due to a fortunate purchase, we are able to offer you this 10 POWER Precision-built Telescope at a sensational bargain. Don't confuse it with small "weak-vision" telescopes. This one is high-powered and measures a full 16 inches. The lenses are of fine optically-ground polished glass—a product of one of America's leading optical houses. The case is durable and it extends easily. Focuses instantly on stationary or moving objects—brings them 10 times closer. With the country at war, everybody needs a telescope like this—to spot airplanes, to identify distant objects, to bring into sharp, easy vision people, animals, signs, houses—which may be beyond the range of the naked eye. Valuable to Air Wardens, Boy Scouts, Sailors, Sportsmen. Ideal for fights, ball games, races, out door events. However, hurry! There is no telling how long we can continue to supply this precision built 10 POWER Telescope, at this amazingly low price. Once our present limited supply is gone, we can not repeat this offer again.

## SEND NO MONEY!

We don't ask you to send one penny to get this Precision built 10 POWER Telescope. Just fill out the handy coupon below and mail it to us today. When your telescope arrives, simply deposit \$1.49 with your postman plus a few pennies postage and C.O.D. charges. Then use the telescope for 10 full days without risk. Focus it on objects miles away. Have your friends try it. Convince yourself that here is a telescope anyone would be thrilled to have—but you'll be proud to own. If after 10 days trial you're not positively delighted with the way this powerful telescope helps you to see great distances, we ask you to return it without delay and we will refund your money in full, no questions asked. Remember, we may not repeat this offer again—so hurry.

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This  
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Measures  
full  
16 Inches  
in Length!

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500 N. Dearborn Street  
Chicago 10, Illinois

Gratulations—please rush me your 10 POWER Telescope on your Special Offer. On arrival I will pay more on your invoice. I am enclosing a check for \$1.49 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If it is satisfactory, I will pay you the balance of the price of the telescope for full use of 10 days. If not, I will return it to you at that time and you are to refund my money in full.

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I enclose \$1.49 in advance to your store and I will pay the balance of the price of the telescope for full use of 10 days. If not, I will return it to you at that time and you are to refund my money in full.

## FREE!



With the above order coupon of \$1.49 and we will also include \$1.49 in advance to your store and I will pay the balance of the price of the telescope for full use of 10 days. If not, I will return it to you at that time and you are to refund my money in full.

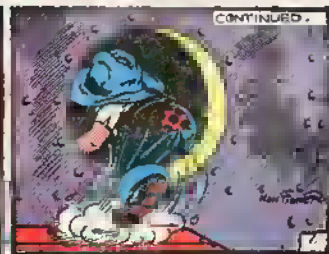
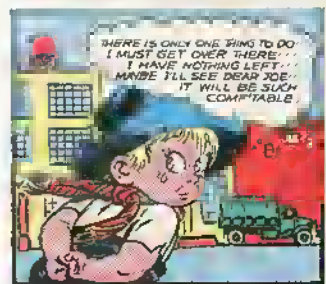
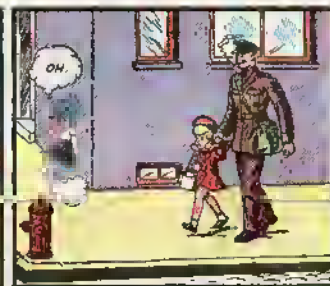
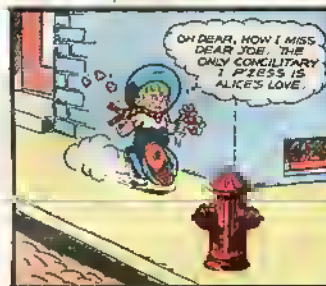
VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor



BIG SHOT

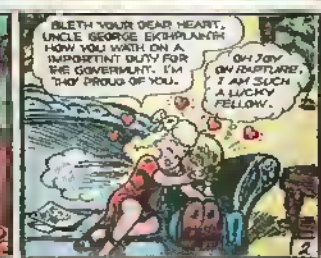
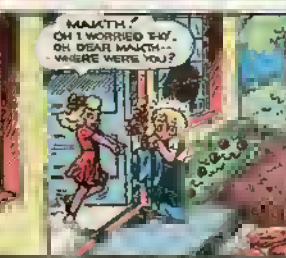
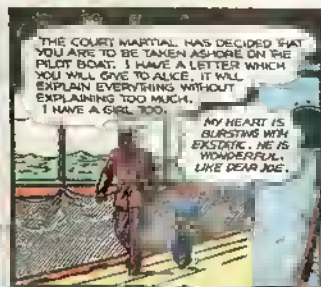
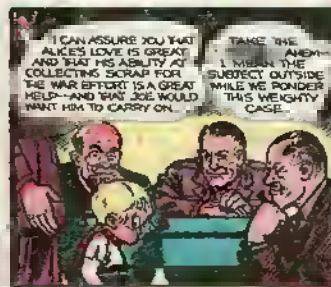
# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



## JOE PALOOKA

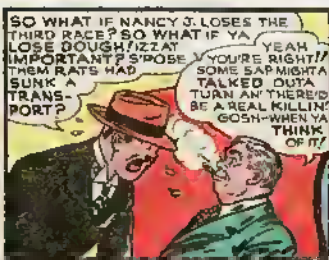
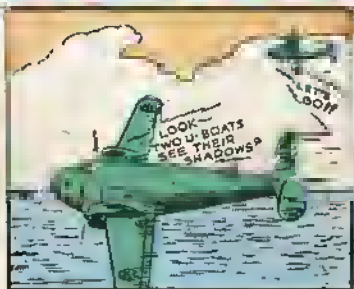
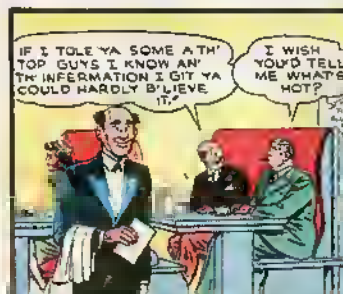
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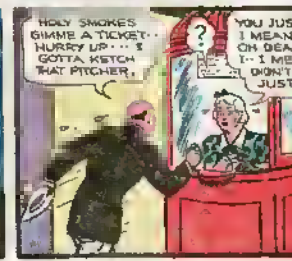
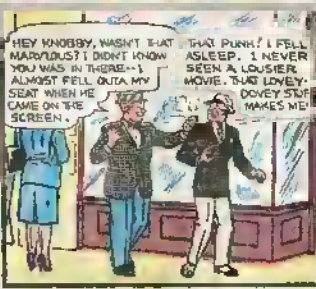
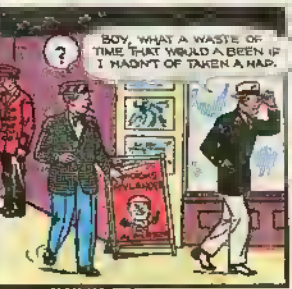
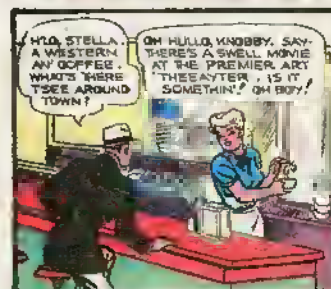
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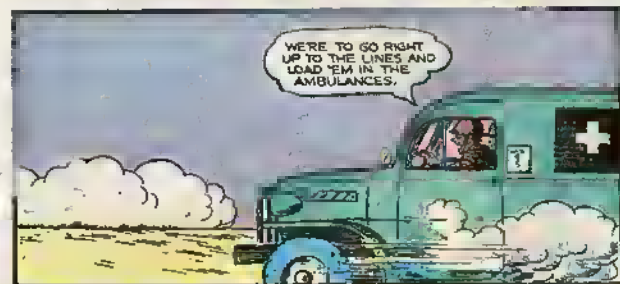
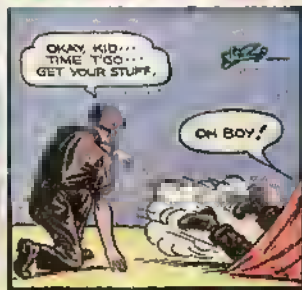
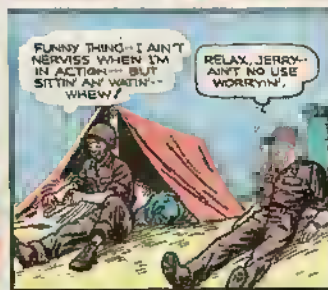
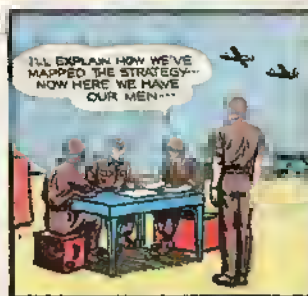
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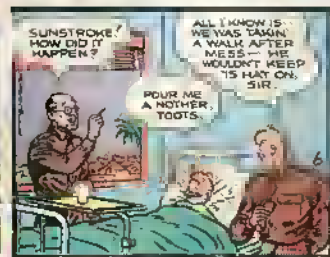
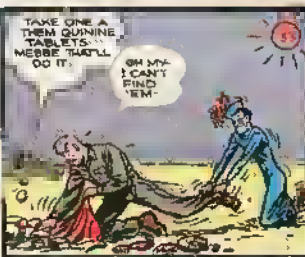
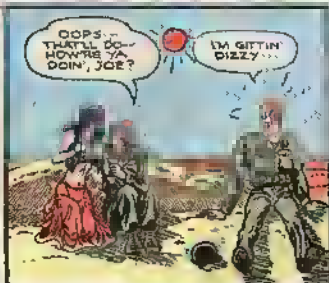
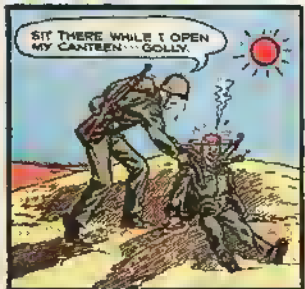
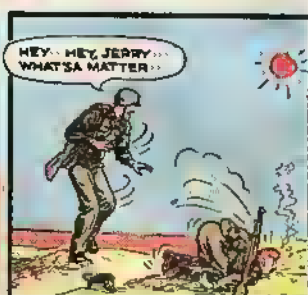
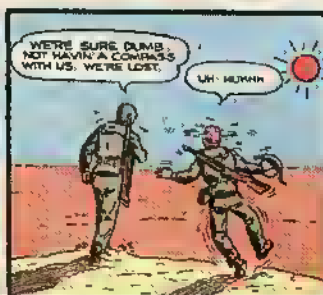
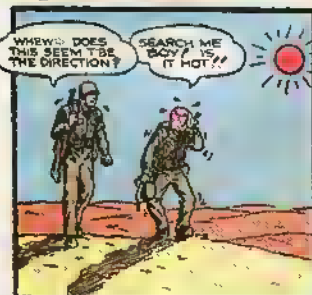
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# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



## ALL IN A LIFETIME

By  
FRANK BECK

Popular People



A Dog's Life



All in a Lifetime



ALL-OUT WAR.

Here's  
**NEWS!** A COMPLETE  
**BOOK OF**  
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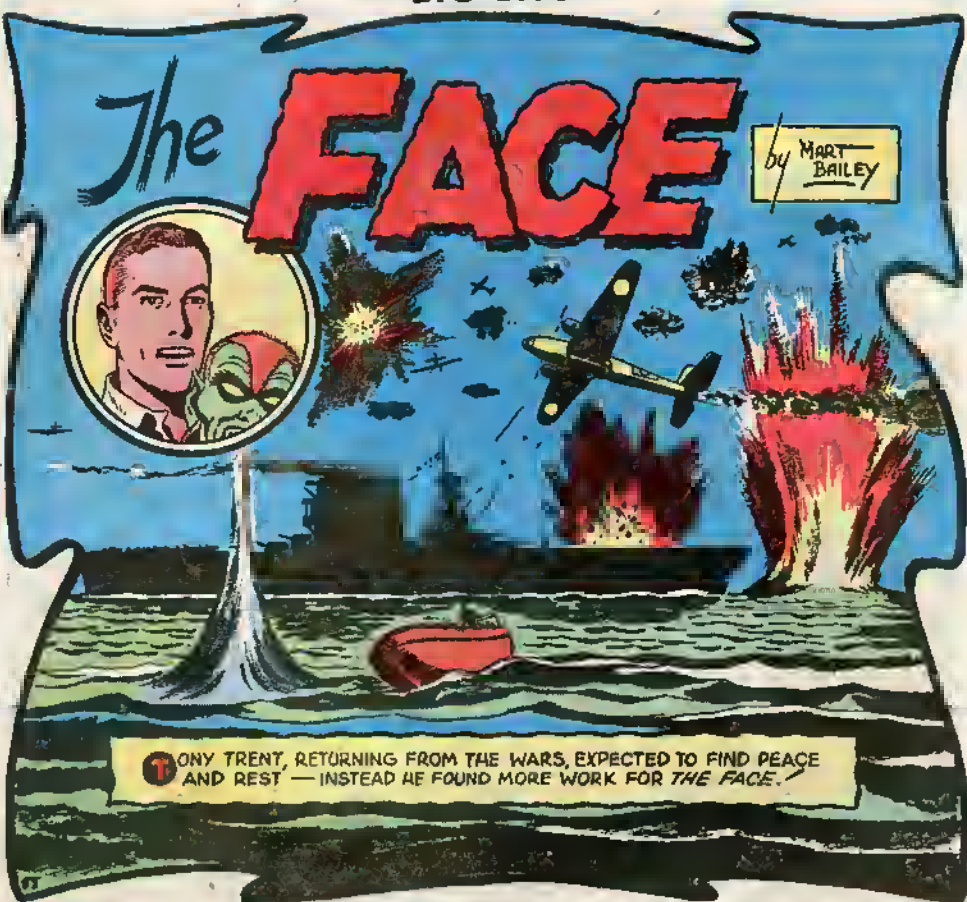
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# The FACE

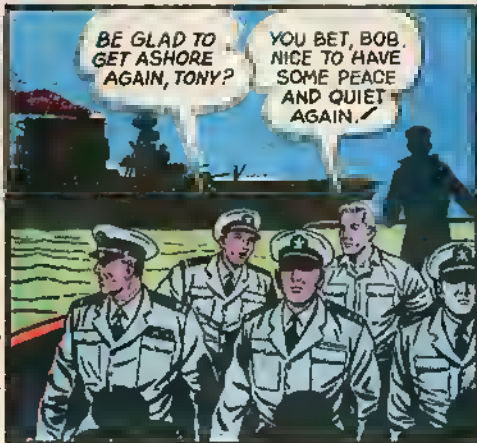
by MART  
BAILEY



**T**ONY TRENT, RETURNING FROM THE WARS, EXPECTED TO FIND PEACE AND REST — INSTEAD HE FOUND MORE WORK FOR *THE FACE*.

BE GLAD TO  
GET ASHORE  
AGAIN, TONY?

YOU BET, BOB.  
NICE TO HAVE  
SOME PEACE  
AND QUIET  
AGAIN.



**B**UT FATE PLANS DIFFERENTLY... THE WATER IS SUDDENLY CHURNED AND GEYSERED AND BLASTED BY TREMENDOUS EXPLOSIONS.



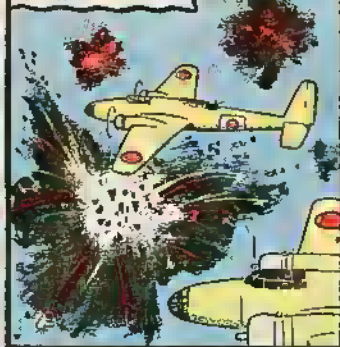


# BIG SHOT

JAP BOMBERS!

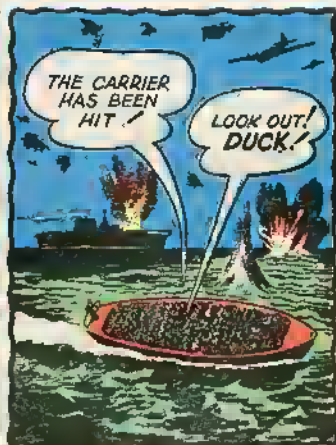


**A** WALL OF BURSTING ACK-ACK IS HASTILY FLUNG UP, BUT THE ENEMY BOMBERS CONTINUE ON TARGET....



THE CARRIER HAS BEEN HIT!

LOOK OUT! DUCK!



**S**WEEPING LOW, TWO OF THE JAPS MACHINE-GUN THE LITTLE BOAT AND ITS DEFENSELESS PASSENGERS....



THE ROTTEN RATS!

HOLD IT, BOB — YOU CAN'T HURT A BOMBER WITH A PISTOL!



**T**HE NEXT MOMENT, THE TWO JAP PLANES DISINTEGRATE IN TWIN EXPLOSIONS.



WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S GRANDFATHER! ME, TOO!



# BIG SHOT

ON THE ISLAND, AN ACK-ACK BATTERY CONGRATULATES ITSELF UPON ITS MARKSMANSHIP.

BOY-OH-BOY —  
A TWO-BAGGER!

I'D NEVER  
BELIEVE IT  
IF I HADN'T  
SEEN IT.

YOU SHOULD  
SEE ME GO  
TO TOWN  
WITH A  
FLIT GUN!

OUR FIGHTERS ARE  
CHASING THE JAPS.  
— LOOK AT THEM SCRAM!

THE FLAT TOP  
SEEMS TO  
HAVE THE FIRE  
UNDER CONTROL.

YEAH—BUT I'D  
LIKE TO KNOW  
HOW THE NIPS  
TIMED THEIR  
RAID SO  
ACCURATELY!

THE ENEMY  
MUST HAVE AN  
EFFICIENT SPY  
SYSTEM IN  
THESE PARTS.

LOOKS THAT WAY.  
LATELY THEY  
APPEAR INFORM-  
ED OF EVERY  
MOVE WE MAKE.

TONY, I WANT  
YOU TO MEET A  
FELLOW WAR  
CORRESPONDENT  
— MY COUSIN  
FRANK.

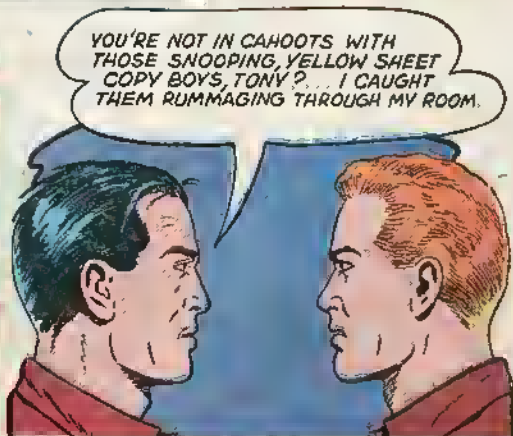
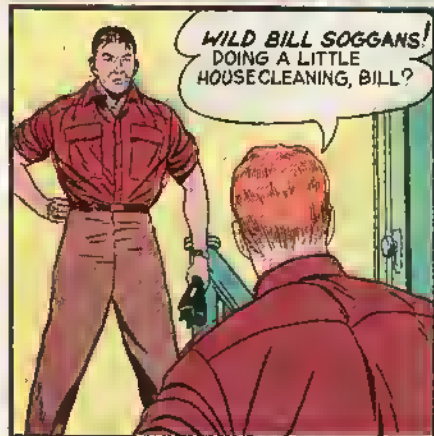
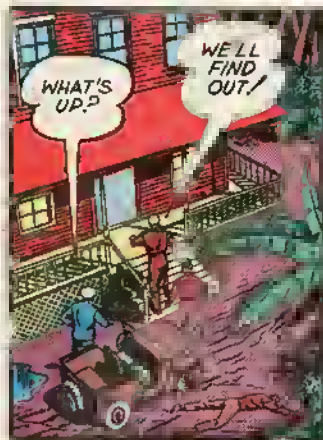
HOWDY, TRENT.  
I'VE BEEN  
HEARING A LOT  
ABOUT YOU  
FROM YOUR  
FRIENDS AT THE  
ROBBERS' ROOST.

ROBBERS'  
ROOST.  
— WHAT'S  
THAT?

A QUIET SPOT IN THE  
HILLS — A HOUSE WE  
NEWSBOUNDS TOOK OVER  
FOR A PEACEFUL RETREAT.  
WE'LL GO THERE AS  
SOON AS WE GET THE  
STORY ON THE BOMBING.

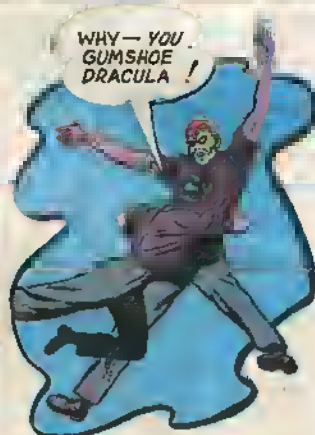
SOME TIME LATER — AS THEY DRIVE UP — ONE  
OF THE TENANTS MAKES A NOISY AND  
SPECTACULAR DEPARTURE FROM THE ROBBERS'  
ROOST. ...

# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



TOUGH, EH / WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?



WILD BILL SOGGANS! — SO THE BOYS WERE RIGHT WHEN THEY SUSPECTED YOU WERE RATTING FOR TOJO!



YOU'RE CRAZY... LOOK INTO THAT SUITCASE AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I CAME BACK FOR.



SORRY, BILL — I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

NOT YOUR FAULT, FUNNY FACE... LISTEN... SOMEONE OUTSIDE...

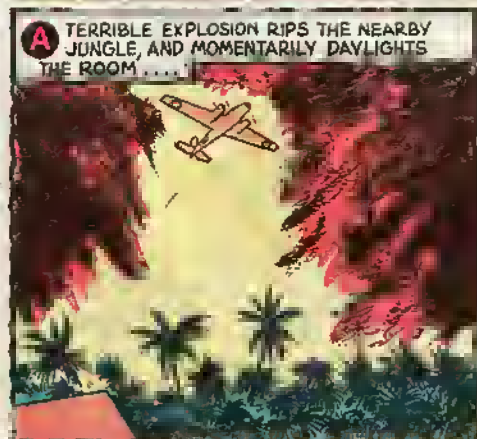


SILENCE... THE CREAK OF SHOE LEATHER... AND A SILHOUETTED FORM STEPS CATLIKE INTO THE ROOM...



WELCOME, MATA HARI!

YEAH, HAVE A DRINK!



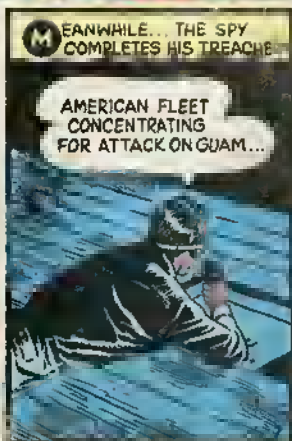
**A** TERRIBLE EXPLOSION RIPS THE NEARBY JUNGLE, AND MOMENTARILY DAYLIGHTS THE ROOM...



HOLY SMOKE! — LOOK WHO IT IS!

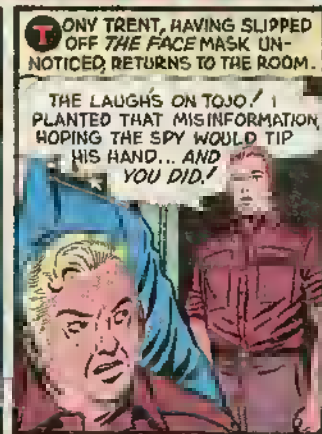
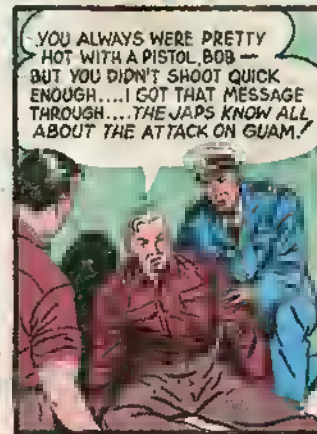
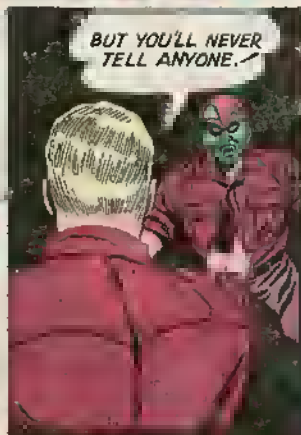
YOUR OLD PAL — JACK HEGAN!

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# BIG SHOT

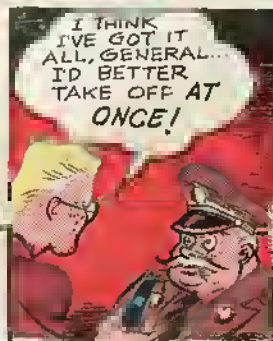
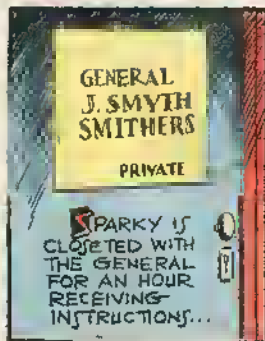
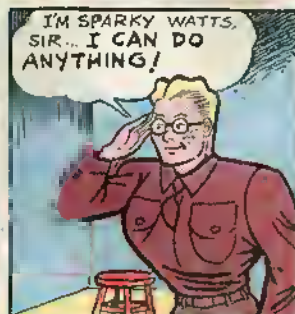


NEXT - "MISSING IN ACTION"

# SPARKY WATTS



IN THE TOWN  
OF BOLONIA,  
IMPORTANT RAIL  
CENTER OF A  
ONE-TIME ENEMY  
TERRITORY, A  
UNIT OF OCCUPATION  
ARRIVES AT U.S.  
HEADQUARTERS



# BIG SHOT

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE HE REALLY CAN REACH THAT TRAIN IN THE BENDER PASS IN TIME? I SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE NO PLANE CAN FLY THOSE 700 MILES IN AN HOUR!

MEANWHILE, BECAUSE OF HIS "BOILER PLATE" LUNG TISSUES, SPARKY SOARS EASILY THRU THE STRATOSPHERE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT...

WHAT AM I RUSHING FOR? I'VE GOT LOADS OF TIME... THINK I'LL DROP DOWN AND BLAST A COUPLE OF HOSTILE PLANES!

SPOTTING A GERMAN PLANE, SPARKY MEETS IT HEAD-ON AS THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIS ARMORED TORSO...

NOW, I'LL JUST HOLD MY HAND OVER HIS GUN SO THE BULLETS CAN'T COME OUT AND SEE WHAT HE DOES!!

DINNER VETTER!

NOW TO BREAK OFF HIS PROPELLER SO HE'LL GO INTO A STALL...

AND THAT'S THAT!

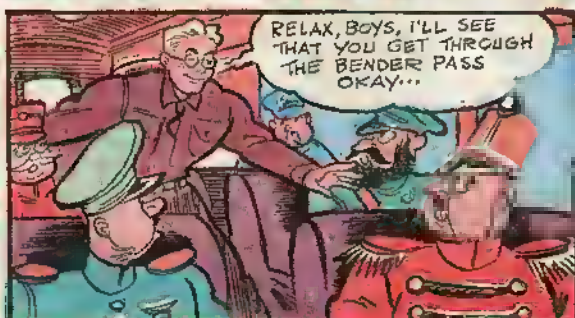
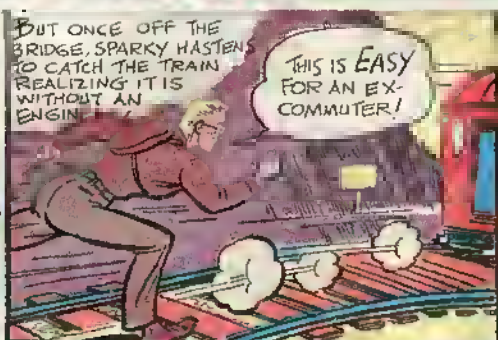
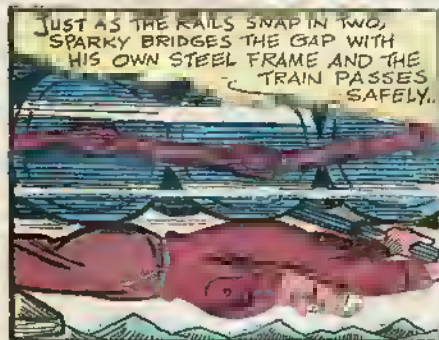
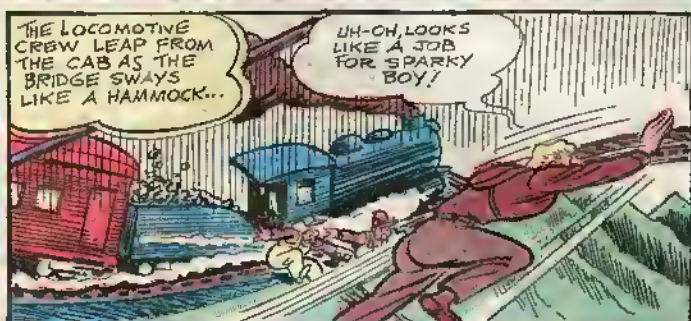
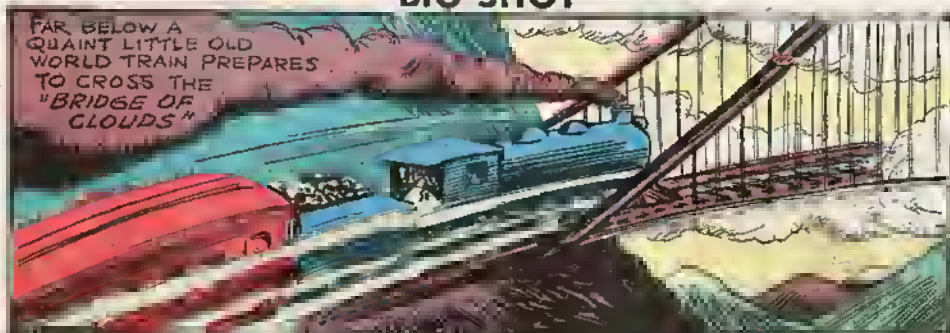
...AND WITH THIS GUY, I'LL JUST TWIST OFF HIS TAIL RUDDER...

AND NOW TO GET ON TO THE BENDER PASS!

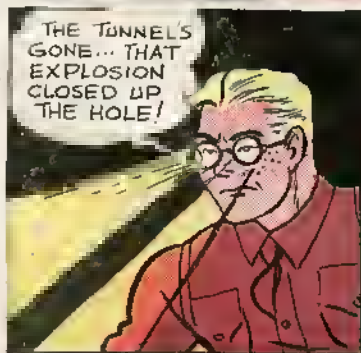
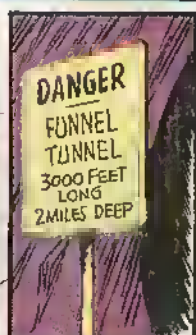
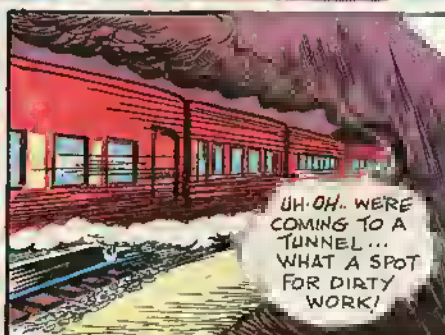
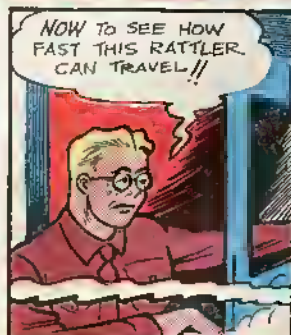
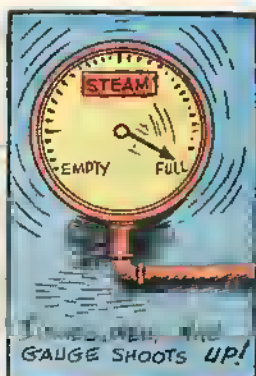
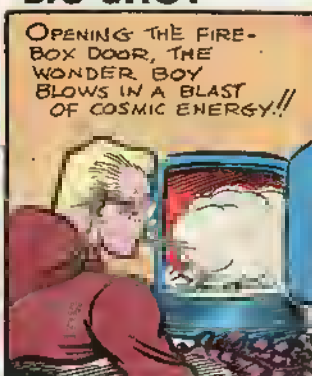
AH! THAT MUST BE IT DOWN THERE IN THE BALKY MOUNTAINS!!



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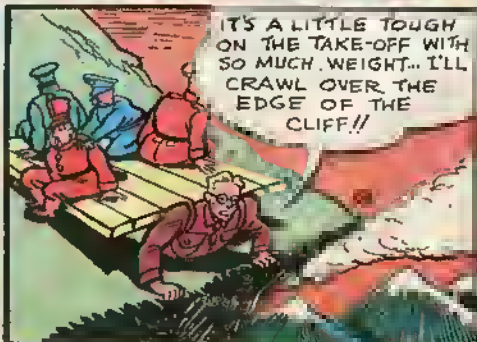
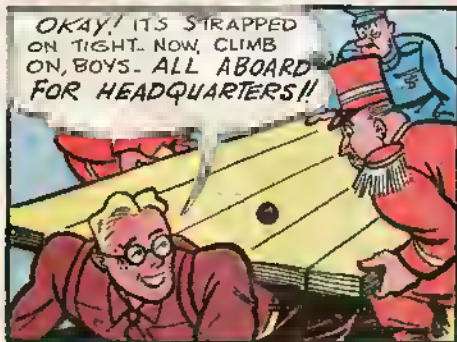
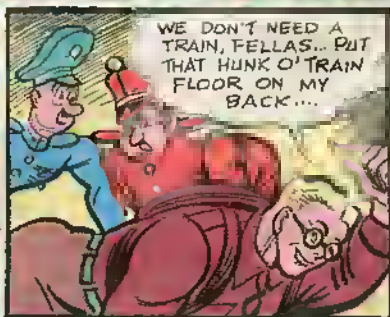
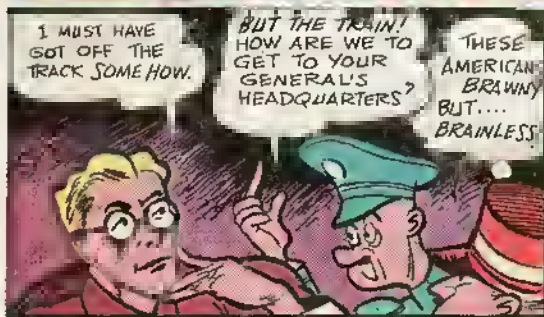
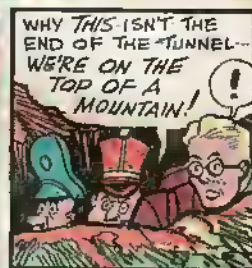
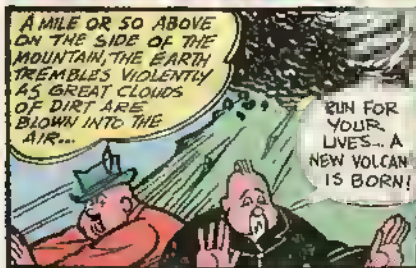
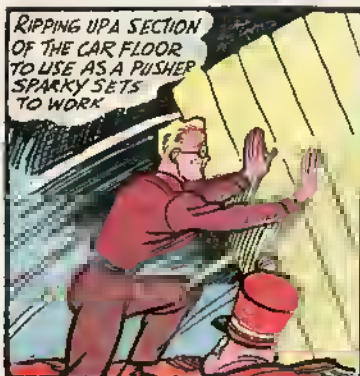


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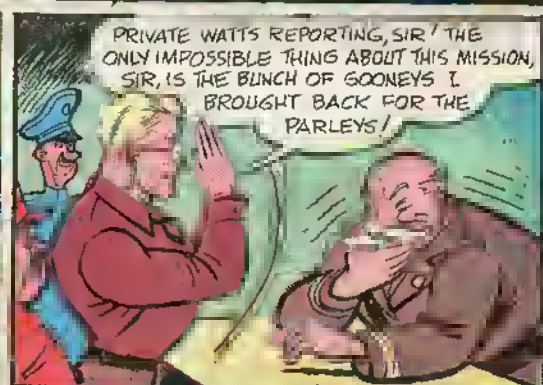
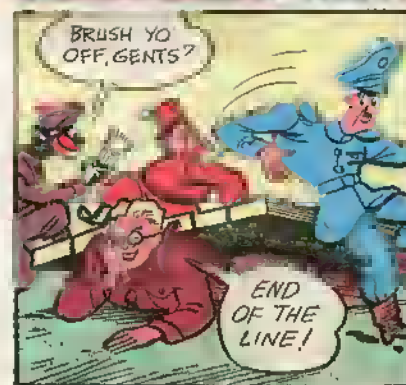
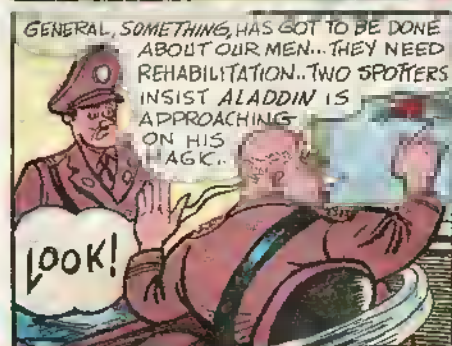
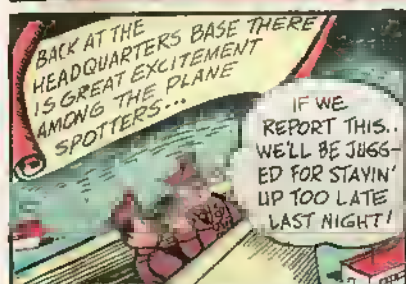


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT.



BIG SHOT

# CAPT Yank

By FRANK TINSLEY

**P**REVENTED FROM STOPPING DR. LIN'S MAD DASH INTO A JAP OUTPOST, YANK ANGRILY ACCUSES WING OF BEING AN ENEMY AGENT...

**A**T HER COMMAND, HE IS STRUCK DOWN FROM BEHIND BY HER HENCHMEN...

YOU KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HIM - **HURRY!**



THE NOISY YANKEE ALMOST SPOILED MY SCHEME... QUICK, TAKE HIM THIS WAY



**OH!!** MY HEAD. SAY - WHERE AM I, ANYWAY? HOW DID I GET INTO THIS RAT-HOLE?



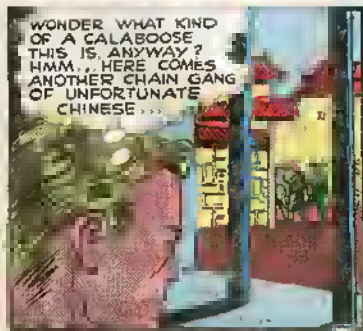
**LOCKED IN!** HMM... I REMEMBER NOW! WONDER IF THAT CUTE LITTLE CUTTHROAT HAS TURNED ME OVER TO HER JAP FRIENDS!??



FIRST WING STEERS LIN INTO A JAP TRAP - AND NOW ME! THAT LITTLE PONEEY SURE PLAYED ME FOR A **SUCKER!**



WONDER WHAT KIND OF A CALABOOSE THIS IS, ANYWAY? HMM... HERE COMES ANOTHER CHAIN GANG OF UNFORTUNATE CHINESE...



**HEY!** - THAT LOOKS LIKE WING RUNNING UP TO ONE OF THE OLD CHINAMEN!

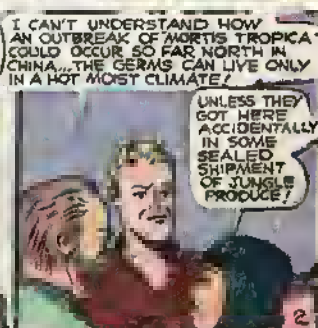
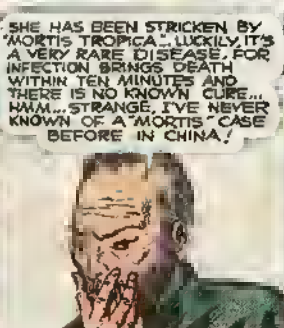
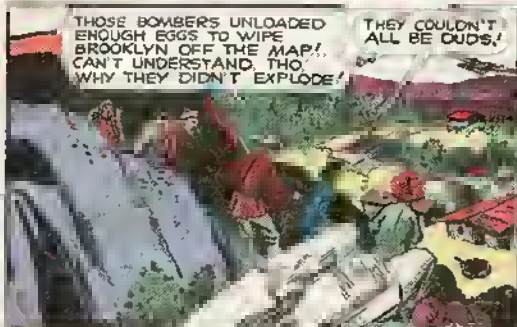
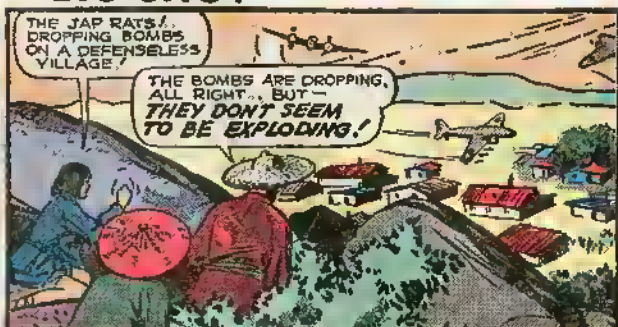
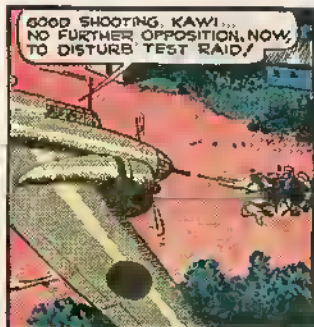


**WELL, I'LL BE!** IF I HADN'T SEEN HIM BAYONETED BEFORE MY OWN EYES, I'D SWEAR THAT OLD MAN IS DR. LIN!



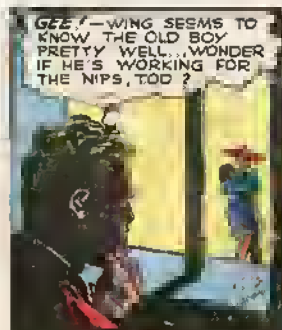


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



GEE!—WING SEEMS TO KNOW THE OLD BOY PRETTY WELL... WONDER IF HE'S WORKING FOR THE NIPS, TOD?



WELL! IF IT ISN'T TOUGH TONY AND GYP THE BLOOD! HI, BOYS!

YANKEE BETTER NO TALK — COME QUIETLY!



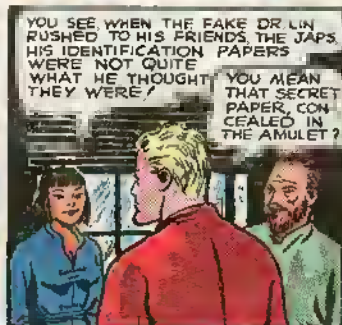
IS HERE, O LEADER— WHITE ONE'S HEAD ALL RIGHT NOW!

WHAT TH— IT IS DR. LIN!



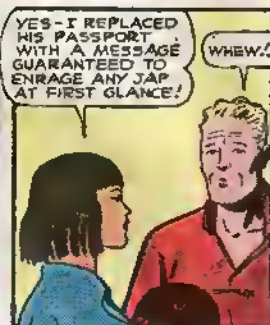
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND—I SAW YOU KILLED BY THE JAPS!

NO, CAPTAIN... THE MAN YOU SAW KILLED WAS AN IMPOSTOR — A JAP AGENT... THIS IS THE REAL DR. LIN!



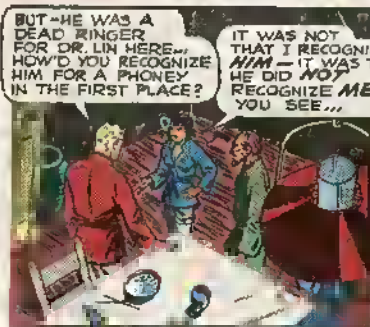
YOU SEE WHEN THE FAKE DR. LIN RUSHED TO HIS FRIENDS THE JAPS. HIS IDENTIFICATION PAPERS WERE NOT QUITE WHAT HE THOUGHT THEY WERE!

YOU MEAN THAT SECRET PAPER, CONCEALED IN THE AMULET?



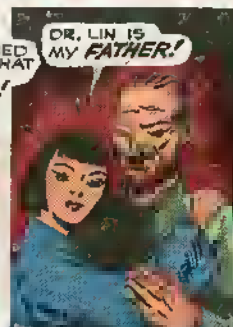
YES—I REPLACED HIS PASSPORT WITH A MESSAGE GUARANTEED TO ENRAGE ANY JAP AT FIRST GLANCE!

WHEW!..



BUT—HE WAS A DEAD RINGER FOR DR. LIN HERE... HOW'D YOU RECOGNIZE HIM FOR A PHONEY IN THE FIRST PLACE?

IT WAS NOT THAT I RECOGNIZED HIM— IT WAS THAT HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE ME! YOU SEE...

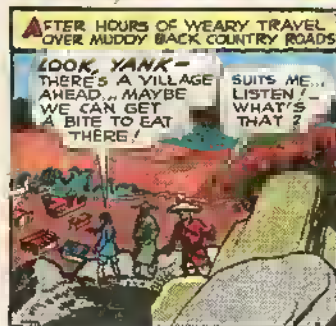


DR. LIN IS MY FATHER!



NOW THAT FATHER'S SAFELY OUT OF THE JAPS' CLUTCHES LET'S GET HIM TO CHUNGKING AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

RIGHT!.. FROM THERE, OUR AIR SERVICE'LL RUSH THE DOCTOR AND HIS PRECIOUS RUBBER FORMULA TO THE U.S.A. IN DOUBLE QUICK TIME!



AFTER HOURS OF WEARY TRAVEL OVER MUDDY BACK COUNTRY ROADS

LOOK, YANK— THERE'S A VILLAGE AHEAD... MAYBE WE CAN GET A BITE TO EAT THERE!

SUITS ME... LISTEN!— WHAT'S THAT?



JAP BOMBERS— DUCK!

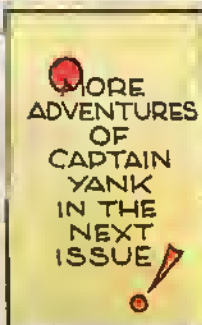
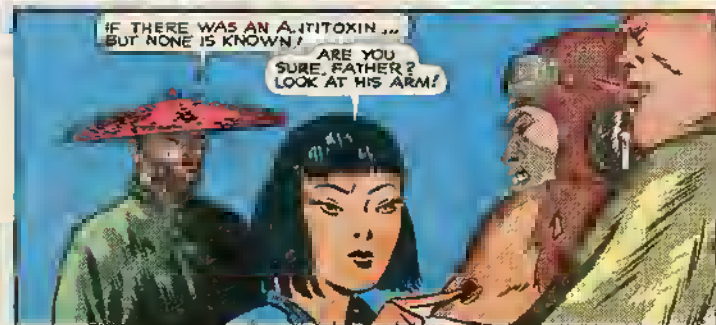
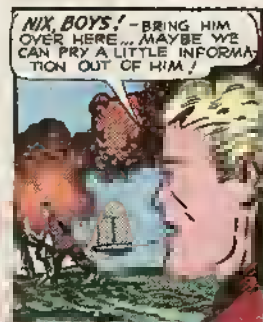
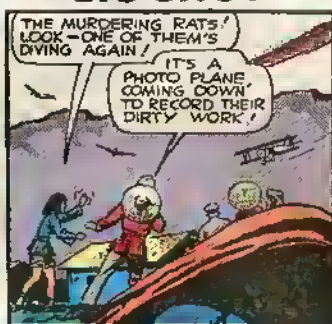
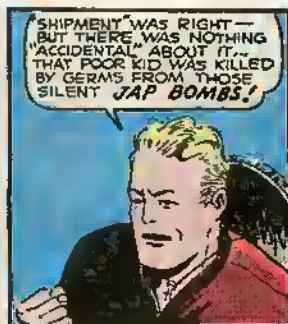
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE VILLAGE!



HIGH COMMAND PICKED FINE SPOT FOR OUR EXPERIMENT, NO?

SHOULD BE VERY EASY AFTER WE LIQUIDATE DEFENSE MACHINE GUN

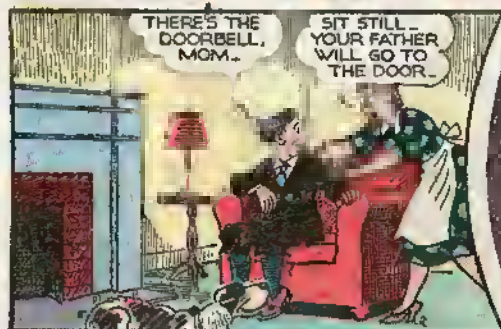
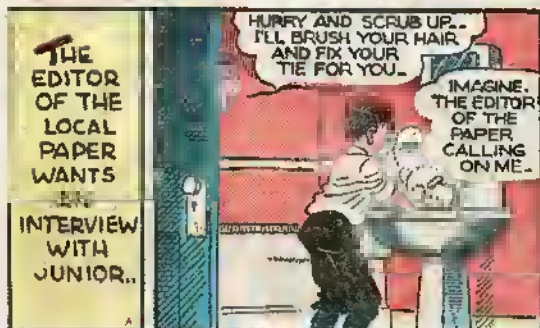
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

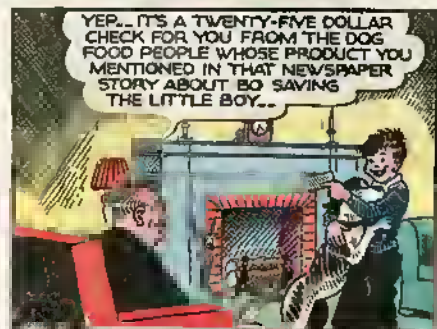
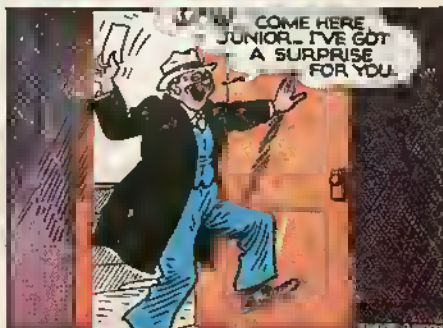
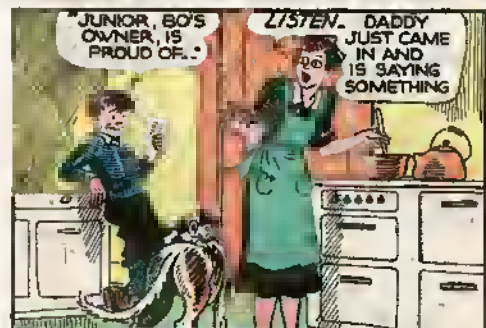
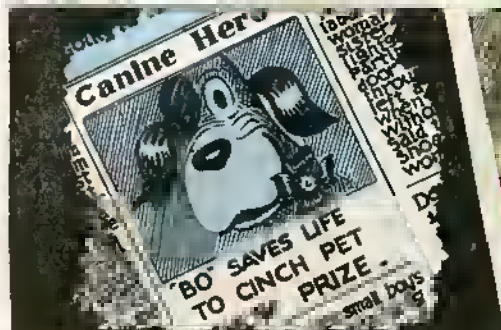
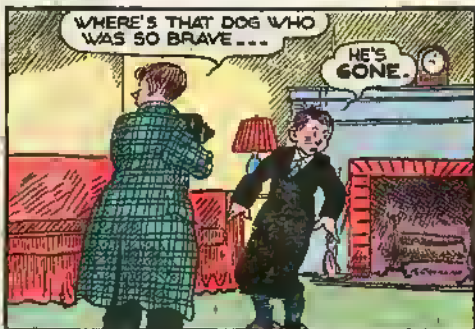
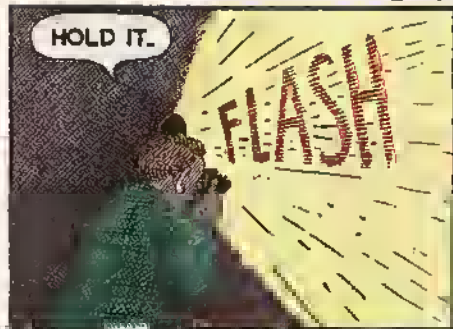
# BOO

BY FRANK BECK

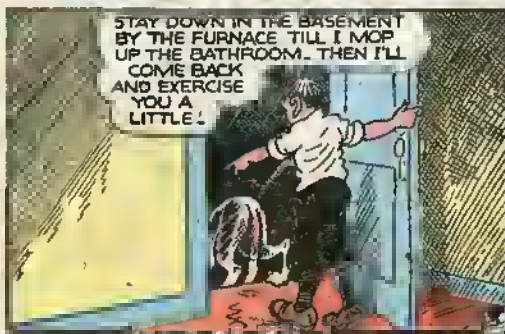
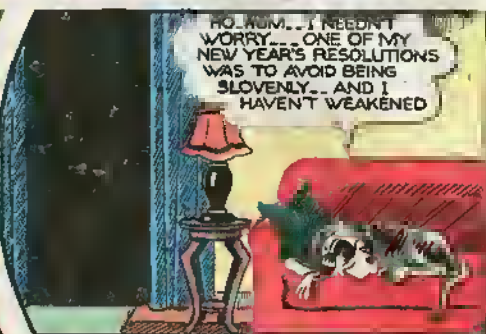
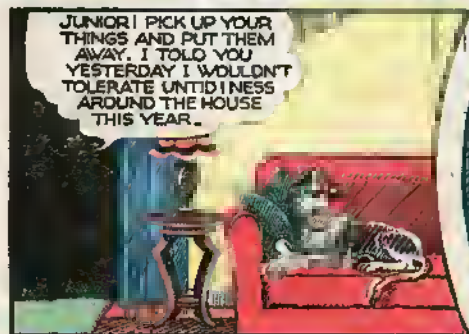




## BIG SHOT

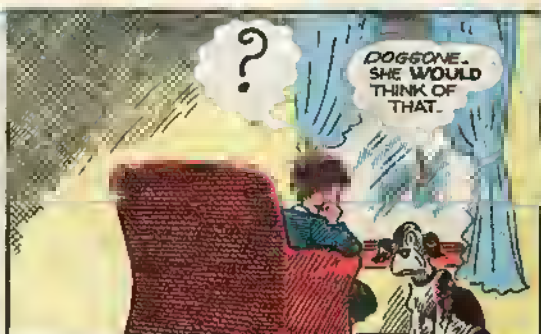
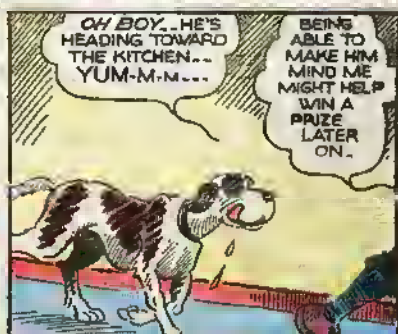
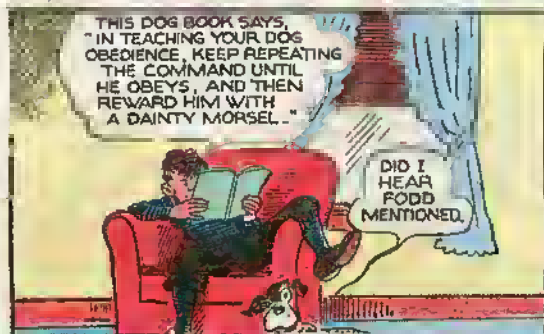
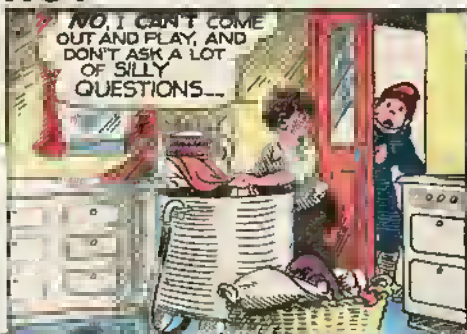


# BIG SHOT



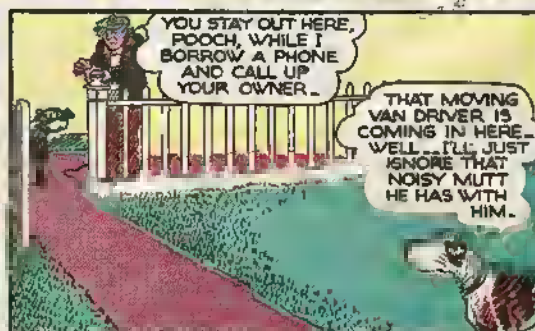
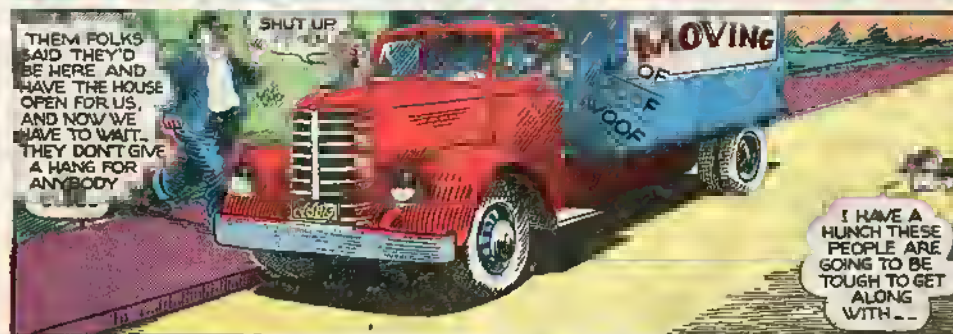
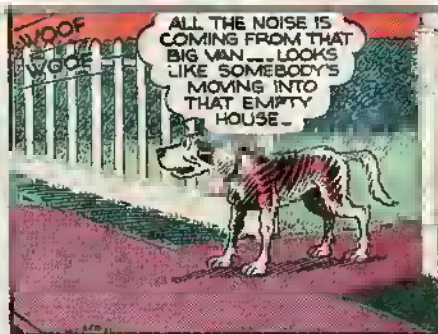
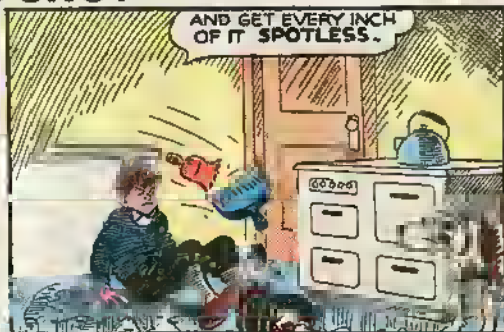


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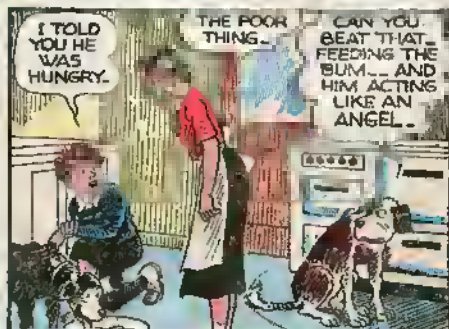
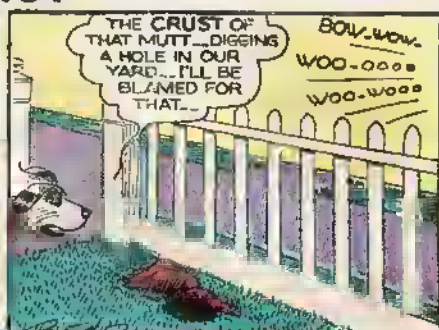




# BIG SHOT



## BIG SHOT



MORE  
OF BO  
AND  
THE NEW  
DOG  
IN THE  
NEXT  
ISSUE..

# Charlie Chan

Alfred Andriola

ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERING THE SECRET WAVE-LENGTH THE FOREIGN SPIES ARE USING, SPARKS TRIES ONCE AGAIN TO INTERCEPT THEIR MESSAGES. GINA AND KIRK STAND BY INTENTLY...

RADIO IS STRANGELY QUIET, SPARKS!

AS SOON AS I SET UP AN AERIAL, I'LL TRY IT! THE DIALS ARE SET EXACTLY

I'D CALL THIS STREAM-LINED WIRE-TAPPING EH, MARTIN?

WIRELESS TAPPING, YOU MEAN!

QUIET! I'VE GOT SOMETHING!

... INDUSTRIAL SABOTAGE TOO SLOW! SWIFT DESTRUCTION IS NECESSARY...

WHILE IN THE WIDEAWAY OF THE SPIES

WE MUST MOVE TO DESTROY THE GREAT ARSENALS--IMMEDIATELY!

OUR AGENTS EVERYWHERE ARE SO INSTRUCTED! THEY ARE READY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, CHARLIE?

THE SPIES ARE GOING TO BOMB OUR ARSENALS!

SO THEY SAY!

THEIR WORDS ARE WARNING! ENEMIES MUST BE CAUGHT BEFORE THEY STRIKE!

WELL, CHARLIE! LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

WE'D BETTER! THOSE SPIES ARE CLOSE BY! WE'VE PICKED THEM UP TWICE WITHOUT AN AERIAL!

GINA! STAY HERE! SPARKS-KIRK- THIS HUMBLE PERSON- WE GO NOW TO FIND ENEMY SPIES!

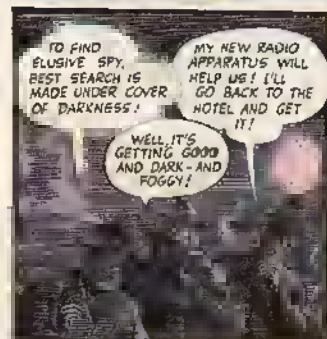
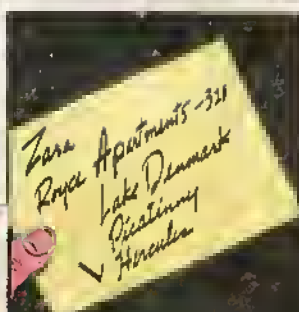
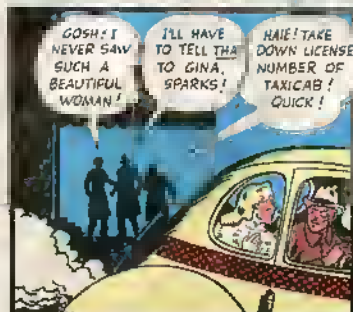
WHILE I STAY HERE ALONE AND KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING- OH PHOOEY!

HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO KNOW A SPY - IF WE DO MEET ONE, CHARLIE!

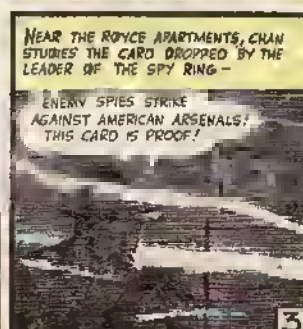
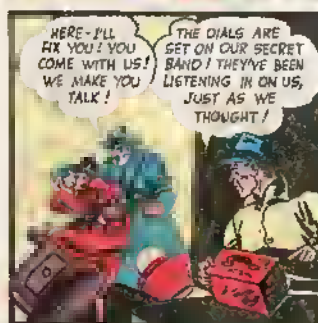
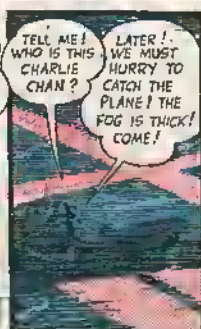
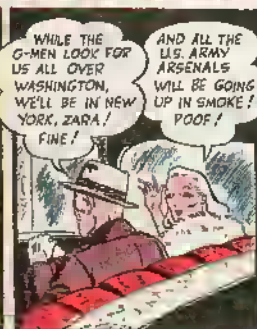
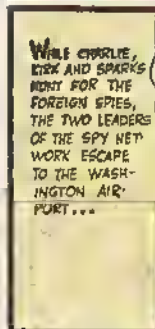
DO THEY LOOK DIFFERENT, SORT OF - ?



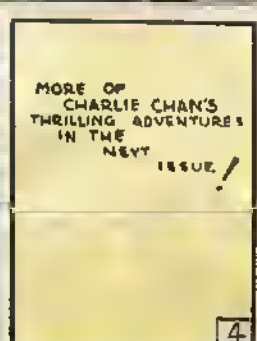
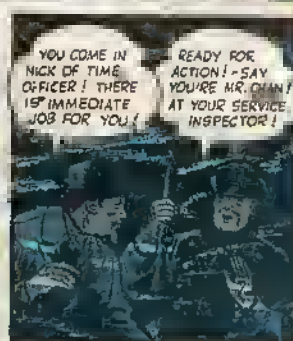
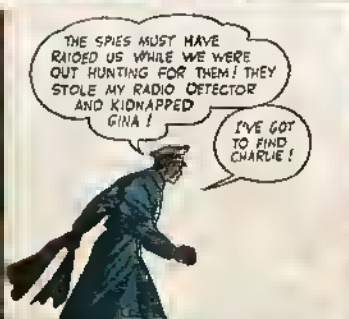
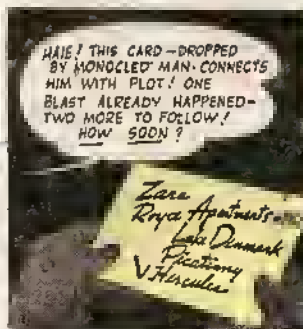
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT







# JORDAN

By PAINE and WEXLER

**VIC** IS TRAPPED  
IN THE SECRET  
ROOM WITH THE  
NAZI SPY.....

STOP  
STALLING,  
JORDAN!

EMIL, READ OFF  
OUR MEMBERSHIP  
LIST. I NEED IT  
FOR MY FILES.

WHAT THE—? VIC  
KNOWS WE DON'T KEEP  
A LIST. MMMM. MAYBE  
HE'S BEING CRYPTIC!

PLEASE REPEAT, THE  
STATIC'S SOMETHING AWFUL  
SUN SPOTS, NO DOUBT!

OKAY, I'LL  
THROW IT IN  
HIGH. WIGGLE  
YOUR EARS IF  
I'M TOO  
LOUD!

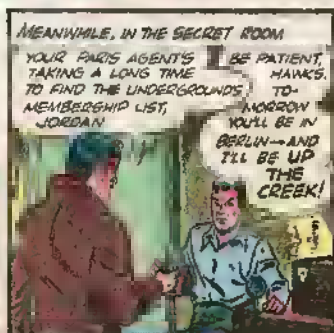
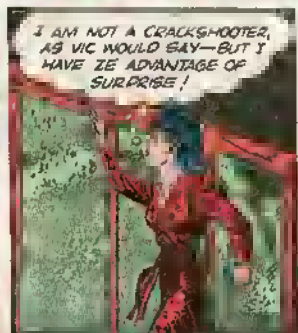
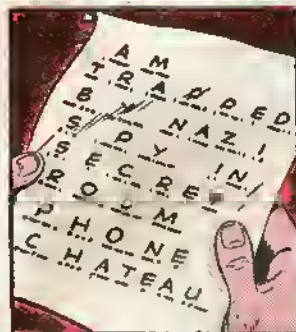
PLEASE—READ—OFF—  
THE—ORGANIZATION—  
MEMBERSHIP—LIST,  
EMIL..

THAT CLICKING—  
IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

HOW'S THE RECEPTION,  
EMIL?

PERFECT! THE DEVIL! VIC'S  
SENDING A MESSAGE  
IN CODE!

# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

AS ENIL IN PARIS READS OFF THE LIST OF PHONY NAMES.....

RAOUL MALREUX,  
MARCEL COURDET,  
EDMOND HARVILLE—

GODFREY!

WHAT THE—?

YOU SHOULD KEEP  
YOUR EYE ON  
THE BALL,  
HAWKS!

OKAY—HAWKS  
SAY "UNCLE!"

YOU—YOU WIN,  
JORDAN.

BUT EVEN AS THE SPY  
SPEAKS HIS HAND  
SLITHERS TOWARD THE  
FALLEN PISTOL—

ADRIENNE!

PUT THE—GUN—DOWN  
ADRIENNE.. YOU WON'T NEED—  
IT— ANYMORE—

WISH—I'D—TAKEN  
YOU—WITH ME—JORDAN..  
WOULD HAVE EVENED—  
THE SCORE.

SORRY TO  
DISAPPOINT  
YOU, HAWKS!

YOUR-TIME-WILL  
COME... REMEMBER  
THAT... NOTHING—IN  
HEAVEN OR EARTH—  
CAN STOP US!  
NOTHING!

I'D TAKE HIM UP ON THAT,  
ADRIENNE, BUT YOU CAN'T ARGUE  
WITH A FANATIC—ESPECIALLY A  
DEAD ONE!



# BIG SHOT

EET-EET EES LIKE  
A DREAM, VIC! GODFREY  
WAS SO PLEASANT—  
EETS HARD TO  
BELIEVE HE WAS  
A NAZI SPY!

EMIL—THANKS,  
PAL! EVERYTHING'S  
UNDER CONTROL...  
ALL SAFE. WILL  
CONTACT LATER.

GOOD WORK, ADRIENNE.  
YOU SAVED MY LIFE,  
AND THE WHOLE  
UNDERGROUND  
SET-UP HERE

VIC—I—I  
KEELED HEEM.  
BUT I GOT YOU  
INTO 'ZIS  
MESS!

—YOU TOLD  
HAWKS ABOUT  
THE SECRET  
ROOM! NOW  
COME,  
ADRIENNE?

I WAS ANGRY WEEHA  
YOU. JUST WHY—SEEMS  
SO UNIMPORTANT NOW  
NOTHING EES  
IMPORTANT BUT ZAT  
YOU ARE ALIVE AND ZAT  
NAZI CHEAT IS  
DEAD!

OKAY. THAT SHOT WAS THE PAYOFF  
BETWEEN YOU AND HIM AND ME  
NOW GRAB SOME SHUTEYE, WHILE  
I TAKE THE LATE LIEUTENANT  
HAWKS FOR A TRIP TO POTTER'S  
FIELD!

A FEW DAYS AFTER THE DEATH OF  
KARL KOENIG, ALIAS 'LEFTENANT HAWKS

WHAT'S DIS, VIC—  
A BOARD  
MEETIN'?

RIGHT, MARTY!  
AND THE MOTION IS  
TO LIE LOW. THERE'S  
A BARE CHANCE  
HAWKS TIPPED  
OFF THE GEAR.

PROFESSOR ROY HAS ARRANGED  
TO WORK WITH THE MARSEILLE'S  
GROUP. YOU'LL GO WITH HIM, MARTY.  
ADRIENNE, A REST WOULD DO YOU  
GOOD. I'D SUGGEST  
BRITANNY....

GABETTE CAN STAY HERE  
SINCE THIS IS HER REAL  
HOME. I'M GOING TO  
PARIS.

AND I'LL DO MY  
HIDING IN CORNHALL  
WHERE THE BRITISH  
SECRET SERVICE WON'T  
BE ABLE TO FIND ME  
FOR A MONTH—I  
HOPE!

SWELL SUE!... LET'S  
GET JACKED BEFORE  
VON SCHROEDER  
DROPS IN FOR A  
HAND OF PINOCLE!

AM I STILL IN THE  
DOG-HOUSE, ADRIENNE—  
OR MAY I SAY  
GOODBYE?

GOODBYE!

BO-R-R-R

A KISS FROM SUE  
MIGHT WARM  
YOU, NO?

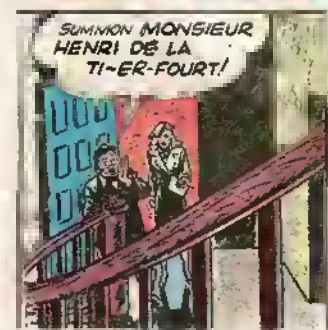
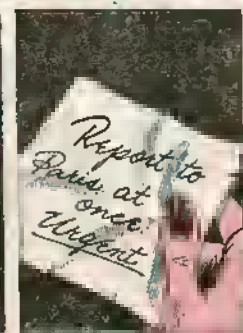
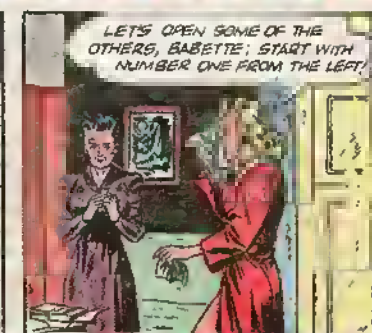
SO, THAT'S IT! YOU SAW  
US KISSING—AND TRIED  
TO PAY ME OFF BY  
THROWING US ALL TO  
THE WOLVES!

VIC!  
I DIDN'T  
REALIZE...

LET'S TABLE IT,  
ADRIENNE. THIS  
MAY BE FOR KEEPS...  
NOW, SMILE!

Y-YES,  
VIC!

# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

## HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND

BY  
JEFF MACHAMER

HIS WIFE'S  
IN PICTURES!





# BIG SHOT RETURN TO MINDANAO

**L**T. BILLY RANKIN hit the silk without waiting to see if the Hellecat's bullet-sawed wing would tip all the way off. The speedy little Grumman was tumbling and darting like a crazy canary, and it was only a matter of time before it would shatter itself on the dark shores of Mindanao's western mountains. It had taken more than its share of Japanese gun-fire, and it was just about done.

He plunged down through gusts of driving rain, tumbling over and over as he dropped until, judging it carefully, he yanked the ripcord. The little pilot chute dragged the yards of whipping silk from its pack, the scalloped rim caught the rushing air and the huge white umbrellal mushroomed above his head. Rankin's downward race was checked violently, as though a giant hand had seized him and jacked him upward and the straps of his harness cut at his back. For the briefest of instants he swayed dizzily; then his earthward fall resumed. It was much slower now but still it seemed that he was dropping with express train speed.

The rain lashed at his face, blinding him. The same rain that had swept out of nowhere and hid the sea from his straining eyes when, with his compass shot away and the Hellecat shaking its wings off, he had sought to find his carrier. He wiped a hand across his eyes, and tried to peer down through the murk of the storm. Lightning blazed across the sullen sky, and in the bluish glare something huge and terrifying loomed across his blurry vision. It looked like a stubby whack with an abnormally lengthened dorsal fin, and it was rushing straight for him! A shudder of superstitious fear shook him before he recognized the thing for what it was; after that, a more practical panic froze his chest muscles. It was

the Hellecat tipped on its side, one wing gone and the other sticking straight up, that was slashing towards him through the tempestuous air!

Rankin tugged frantically at the lines of his parachute, trying to collapse the vast canopy in order to drop away from that insensate machine that was bearing down upon him. He succeeded partially but he could tell that it was not enough. He shut his eyes and tensed himself for the smashing shock that would obliterate him.

It came but it was not quite what he had expected. He was jerked savagely, excruciating pain shot through his shoulder and he went spinning through the air for all the world as though he were rolling down a hill. He heard a sharp report and a short, hissing tipping sound. After that he dropped like a stone. His eyes were still tightly shutteted when he hit. He heard, or felt, or imagined, a dreadful slam and he knew no more.

**L**T. RANKIN thought he was dreaming. It seemed he was a child again, snug and warm in soft blankets in the drowsy peace of the nursery, with the soothing melody of his mother's lullaby crooning in his ears. And then he was restless, because his mother's song sounded sad. He felt like crying.

He opened his eyes and shut them again instantly, terrified. A dark, deep-lined face with sunken eyes and toothless gums, was bending over him and from the puckered, red-stained mouth a rhythmic lament issued. A low and wailing chant that had in it the sorrow and pain of ages. Suddenly the woeeful song broke off and a still jabbering replaced it.

"Fleem! Fleem! Fleem!" Three times the word was repeated and then came a stream of high-

pitched gibbetic that somehow struck a familiar chord in Rankin's memory. He opened his eyes again.

This time the picture was clearer. The dark face, he saw, belonged to an ancient crone in a crimson robe and the chatter from her withered, beetle-stained lips was nothing but one of the inland Moro dialects of Mindanao. She had her head turned sideways, to talk over her shoulder. Looking that way himself, the aviator saw a broad, erect form approaching. The form was a silhouette against a reddish glow, a glow which Rankin suddenly recognized as that which streamed from the setting sun.

"Fleem! Fleem!" the old woman babbled and pointed a skinny finger at Rankin's eyes. Instinctively he shrank away from the bony digit and this movement roused him to realize that his dream had not been a dream at all. He was wrapped in blankets, snugly and warmly although all his clothing except his shorts had been completely removed. Down near his feet there was a concentration of heat. A hot sock wrapped in cloth, he figured.

He was alive, then, and in friendly hands, although he could not imagine how he had escaped destruction. But this minor problem was soon solved for him.

"How ya feeling, boy?"

It was the broad figure crouching beside him now, and at the sound of the American words Rankin's heart made itself felt once more.

"I seem to be okay," he said, a bit uncertainly. "But where I am now and how I got here, I don't quite know. And who you can be," he added, "I can't imagine."

There was a chuckle and Rankin strove to discern the features of the man who was

## BIG SHOT

bending over him. But the other had his back to the rapidly fading light, so that aviator was unable to get more than a shadowy impression of a square-built face with extraordinarily bushy brows and a heavy growth of beard.

"Sure, those are all easy questions to answer," the man said. "You got here by the grace of God, Who saw to it that your airplane only clipped the top of your parachute and never touched you, and Who then let you drop only a fairish distance into the Corabato River, from which we fished you as quickly as we could. And as as who we are—well, my name's Jim Flynn, formerly of the Philippine Constabulary and now a sort of small-time general in the Fil-American Guerrillas. And your nurse here is old Tarhatu, a real live witch woman of the Moros. There are more of us but they're mostly busy right now. It seems the Jap commander at Fort Pikir is a bit annoyed with us, so he's sent a life-size expedition out to hunt us down . . . But maybe I'm giving you too much at once?"

Rankin grinned and shook his head.

"I think maybe I am," the other said. "So we'll stop now and feed you a bit of chicken *adobo*—because we'll be moving along shortly and there's no telling when we'll eat again!"

LATE THAT NIGHT, Jim Flynn's guerrillas moved out of their temporary camp end when they left, Billy Rankin marched with them. It was an oddly assorted band that followed the bushy-browed Irishman. There were four American army men, who had somehow escaped Bataan, some Bagobos from the hills, a group of Ifugao headhunters from Luzon, several small Negrito bushmen and a clan of Bukidnons whose homes were built in trees in the fastnesses of Mindanao itself. In addition, there were the Moros, eight of them, fierce and dignified and holding themselves aloof from all the rest. In all, forty men, and old Tarhatu, trod the jungle earth of Cotabato Province with Flynn. There were

more guerrillas, Rankin learned, but the rest had taken to the hills, deliberately leaving a wide, easily followed trail for the Jap expedition from Fort Pikir. It was not Flynn's intention, the aviator discovered, to cut and run for it. Instead, the former constable planned to strike a blow of his own.

"The way I figure it, Lieutenant," Flynn explained, "the Nips, who really ain't such great shakes in the jungle, no matter what you hear, will be wandering all over Mindanao, getting misdirected by the natives, stumbling into the mouths of crocodiles, and things like that. And when they do hit the trail of our main party, they'll follow it until they get tired, or until they decide there are too many poisoned arrows flying through the woods. So then they'll give up and return to Fort Pikir, where they'll report a glorious victory to their boss.

"But! While they're bawling around in the jungles, we'll be striking the seacoast—the last place in the world any of the monkeys will expect us to show up when there's an expedition out after us! And there's a quiet little cove on the coast, which the Japs are using for a seaplane base . . ."

They struck at dawn, in the immemorial tradition of woods fighters, the world over. And Rankin, accustomed to the remote, almost impersonal combat of the skies, was somewhat horrified as he witnessed desperate battle hand-to-hand. First the little pagans went slithering through the forest and the Japanese sentries died silently, with brightly colored twists of cloth tight about their throats. And then the Moros went yelling into a small bamboo barracks, swinging their gleaming bolos.

"Sounds like one of their old-time *juramentados*!" Flynn said to Rankin; and blazed away with an old Springfield at three half-dressed Japs who were running towards a machine-gun set up near a store of oil drums. Two of the Japs fell and as the third reached the gun, Rankin's automatic cut him down. But already two of the American soldiers from Luzon were racing

towards the drums, lighted torches in their hands. A minute later, and vivid orange flame, slickly tinged with black, was leaping towards the lightning sky.

"Flynn! Look!" Rankin's left hand pointed towards the water of the little cove. "A Mitsubishi Navy G-97!"

"And what might that be?" the other asked.

"A Jap torpedo plane!" the aviator told him. "If it's gassed up, I can fly it to one of our islands and get back in the fight again!"

The Irishman looked at him quizzically.

"And what do you think you're in now?" A Japanese bullet, snicking the trunk of a nearby kapok tree, underlined the question.

"This isn't my kind of fighting!" Rankin cried. "Come on! I want that ship!"

Flynn's strong hand gripped the younger man's wrist, held him where he stood.

"Wait, boy. It's too late. You see—There!"

Out in the cove, a sheet of flame flared suddenly, enveloping the Mitsubishi. Rankin stood numbly, watching the unexpected destruction of the aircraft that a moment ago had lifted his heart with hope.

"A couple of my Moros did that, Lieutenant. Swam out and set her afire. It's one of our specialties—and we have a lot of them. You'll learn them, son, and you'll learn too that there's more than one way to fight a war! . . . Come, now, we're leaving. Our job here is done—and there's a village down the coast . . ."

And suddenly, inexplicably, Rankin's heart lifted again. Flynn was right. Two little Ifugaos, each carrying something that looked like a coconut, were trotting out of the blazing shambles that remained for the Japs to shake their heads over, and the aviator saw that at least two Nipponese would not have any heads to shake.

"Roger, General Flynn!" he said, and put out his hand.

THE END

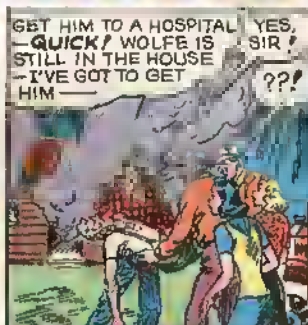
**BIG SHOT**

# DIXIE

By J. P. McEVOY  
and  
J. H. STRIEBEL

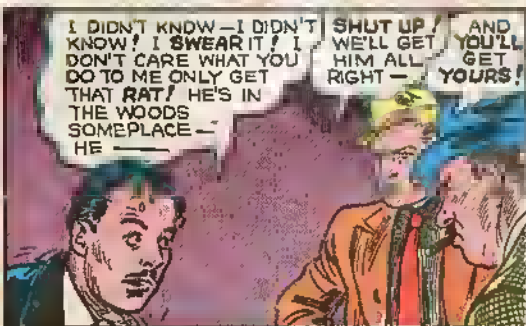
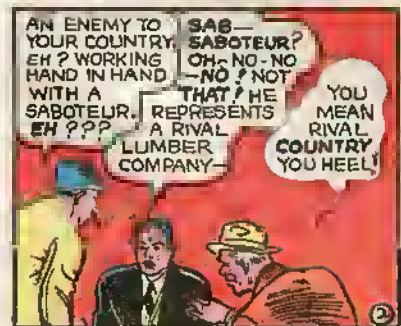
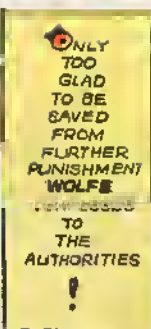
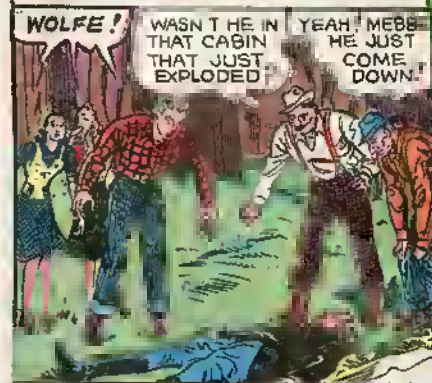
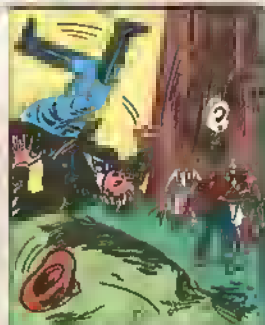
# DUGAN

AFTER FORCING MR. WOODS TO SIGN OVER HIS TIMBERLAND TO THEM, WOLFE AND RELLINI SET FIRE TO THE CABIN....  
BUD WALE RUSHES TO MR. WOODS RESCUE.

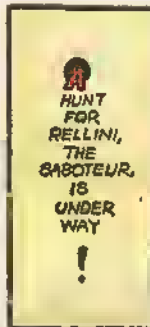




# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



THIS TIME I INSIST YOU STAY IN YOUR ROOMS—STORY OR NO STORY!

O.K., MR. HALE!

DON'T WORRY! WE CAN TAKE A HINT!



I HATE TO SEE HIM LEAD THE HUNT, DIXIE! HE'S SO BIG HE'S TOO MUCH OF A TARGET FOR RELLINI!

PROVIDING HE DOESN'T SEE RELLINI FIRST! HALE IS TRAINED FOR THE WOODS AND RELLINI ISN'T!



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE THEM VERY LONG TO FIND HIM—HE CAN'T GET VERY FAR IN THIS STUFF!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT—



—HE'S PROBABLY SO FAR FROM HERE BY THIS TIME THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM! ANYWAY THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING!



ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR—AND I DON'T PARTICULARLY LOVE THAT PAIR! THEY'VE MESSED UP MY PLANS—BUT NOW—

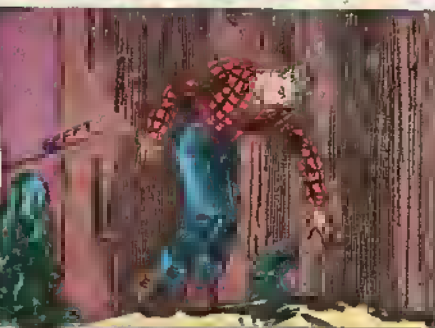
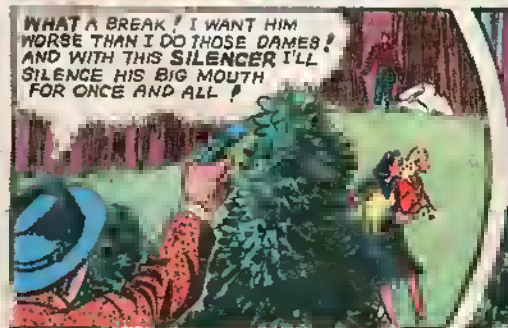


GET OUT OF THE WOODS AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN! WE WON'T START UNTIL YOU DO!

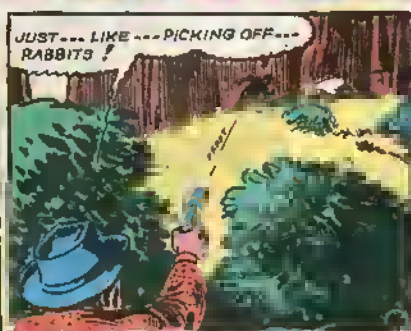
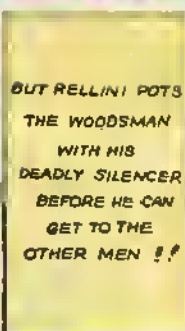
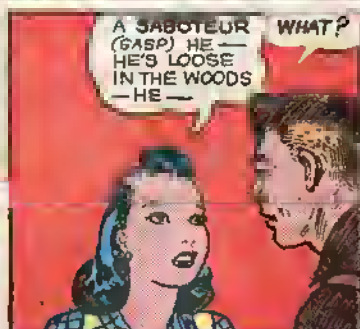
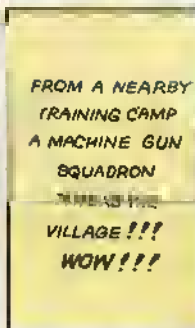
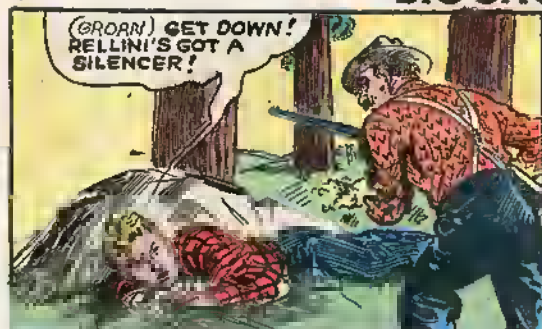
O.K.



WHAT A BREAK! I WANT HIM WORSE THAN I DO THOSE DAMES! AND WITH THIS SILENCER I'LL SILENCE HIS BIG MOUTH FOR ONCE AND ALL!

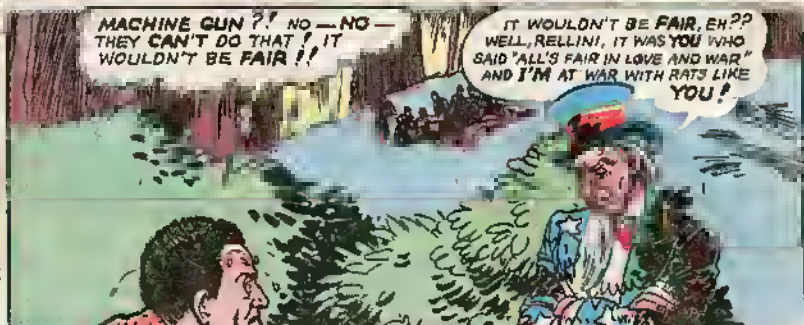
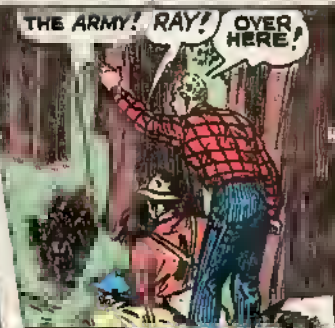
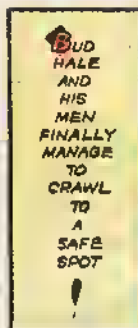


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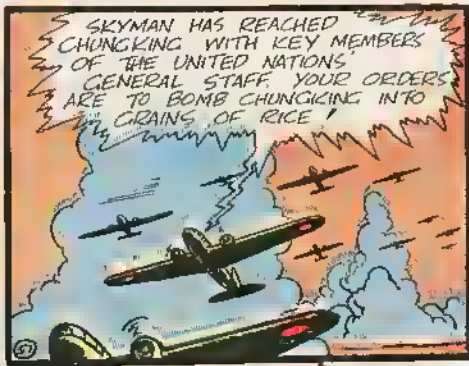
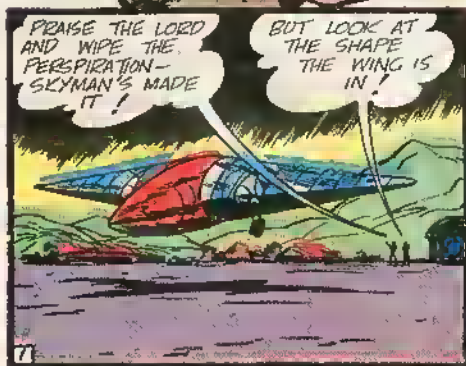
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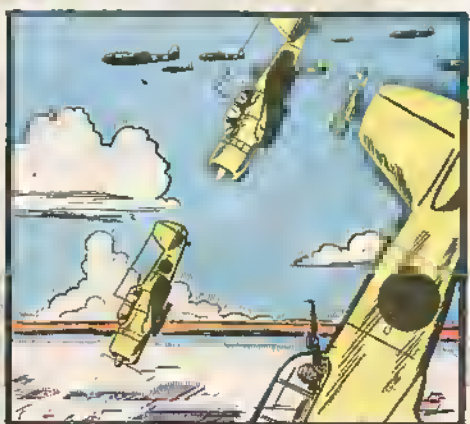
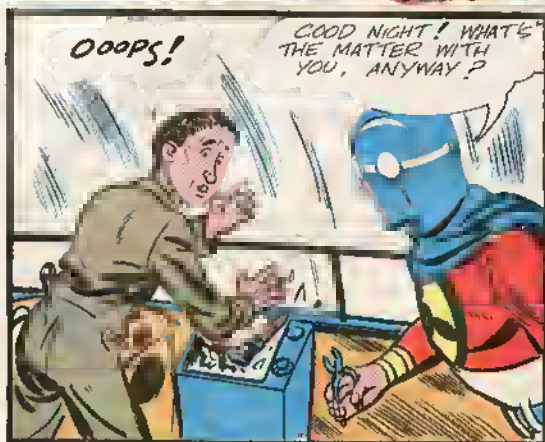
# The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

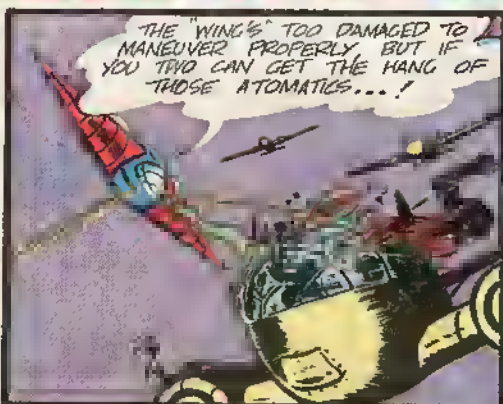
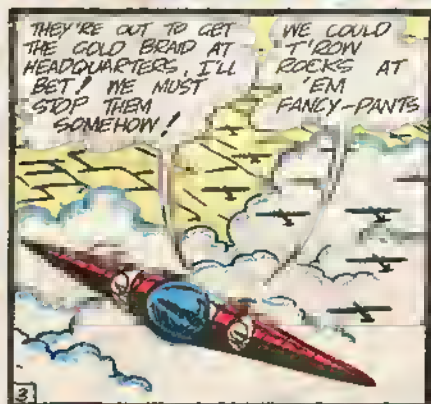
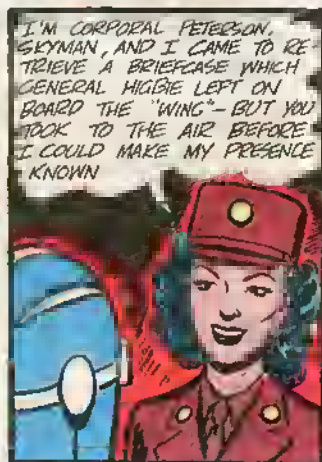
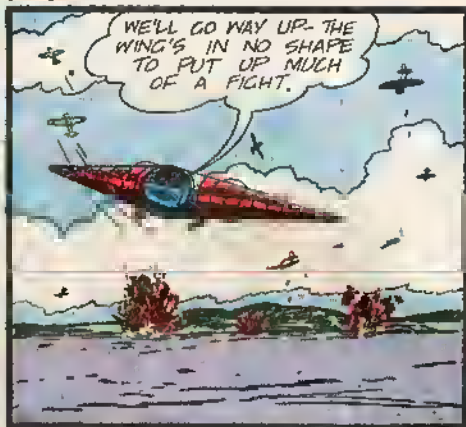
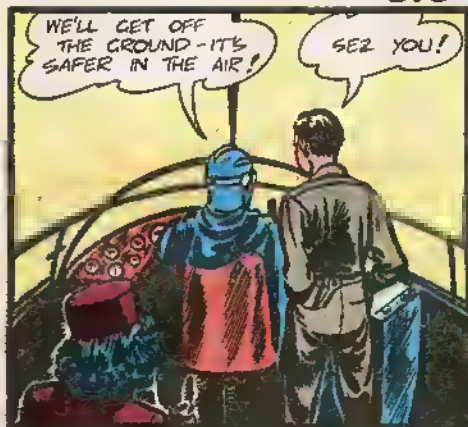




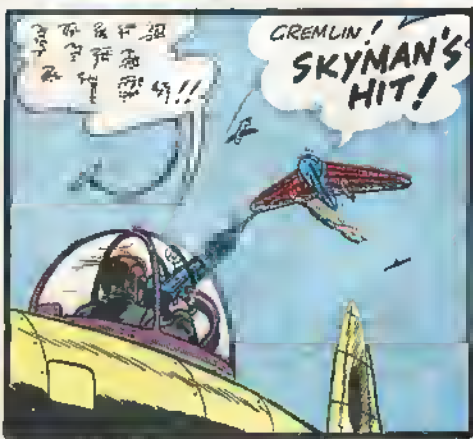
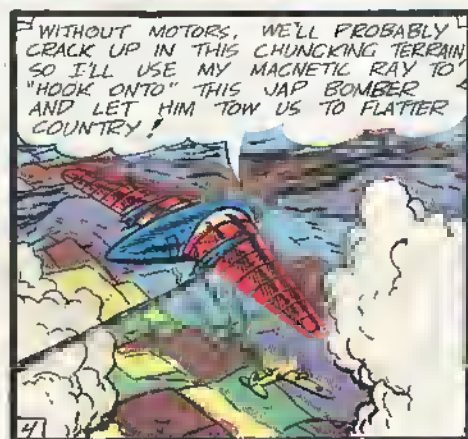
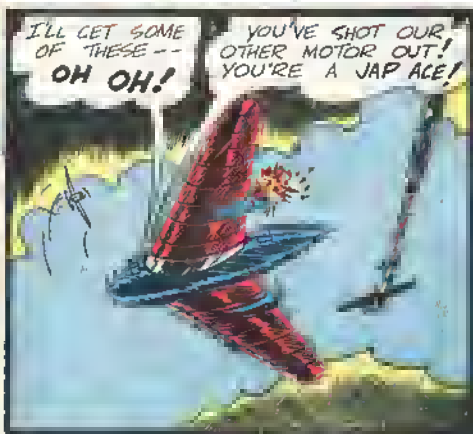
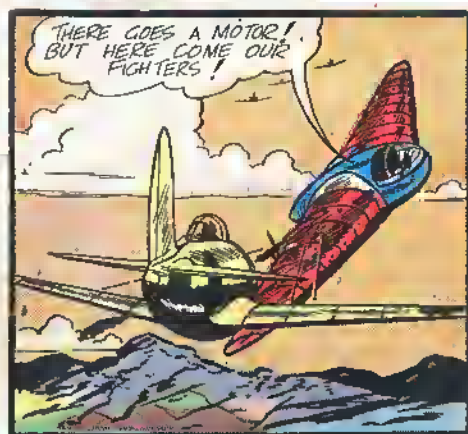
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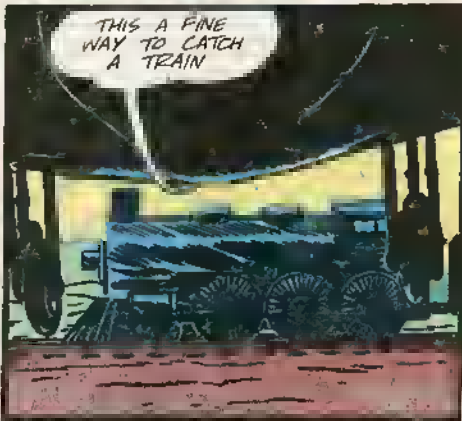
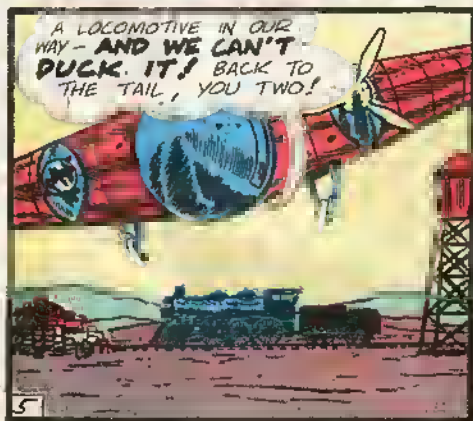
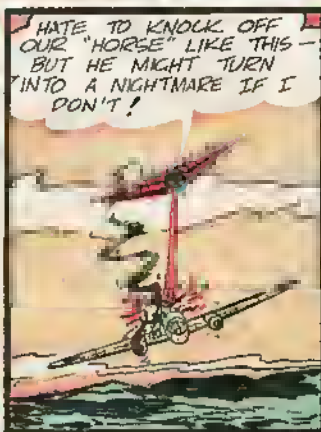
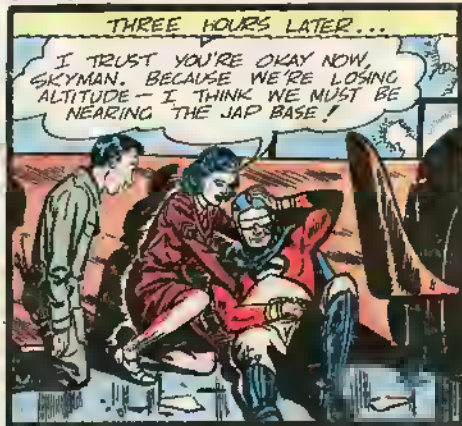
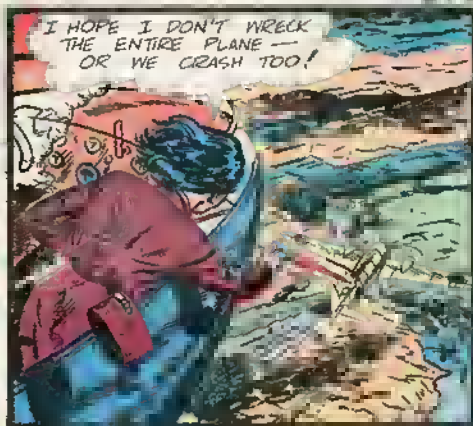


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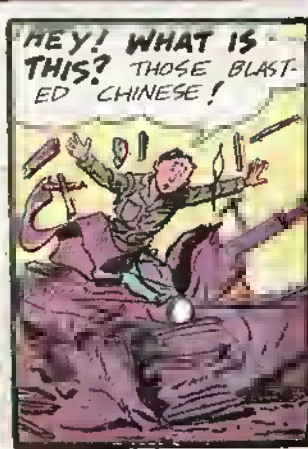
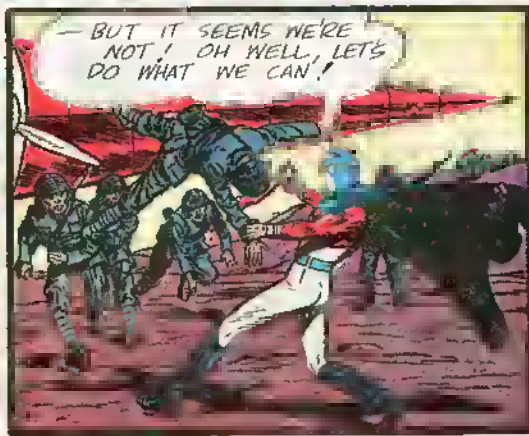
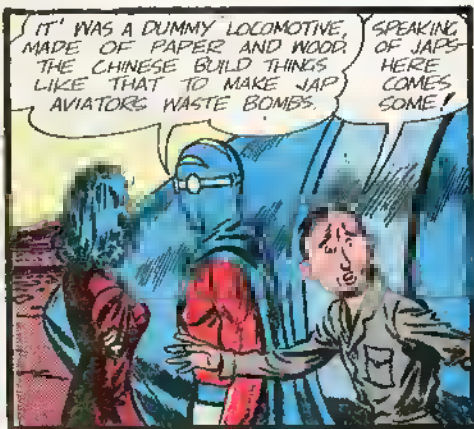
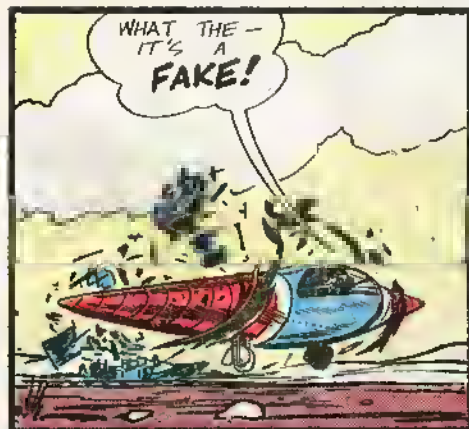




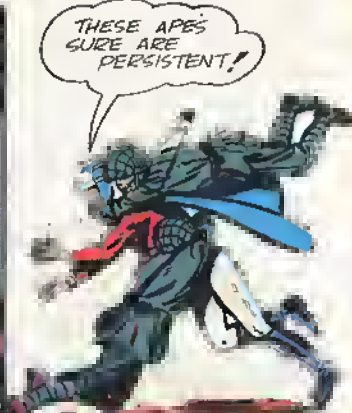
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# BIG SHOT



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# ACTION

*that's what counts!*

5-POWER  
SPYGLASS

OFFICIAL  
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GLOVE

FISHING  
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TENNIS  
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